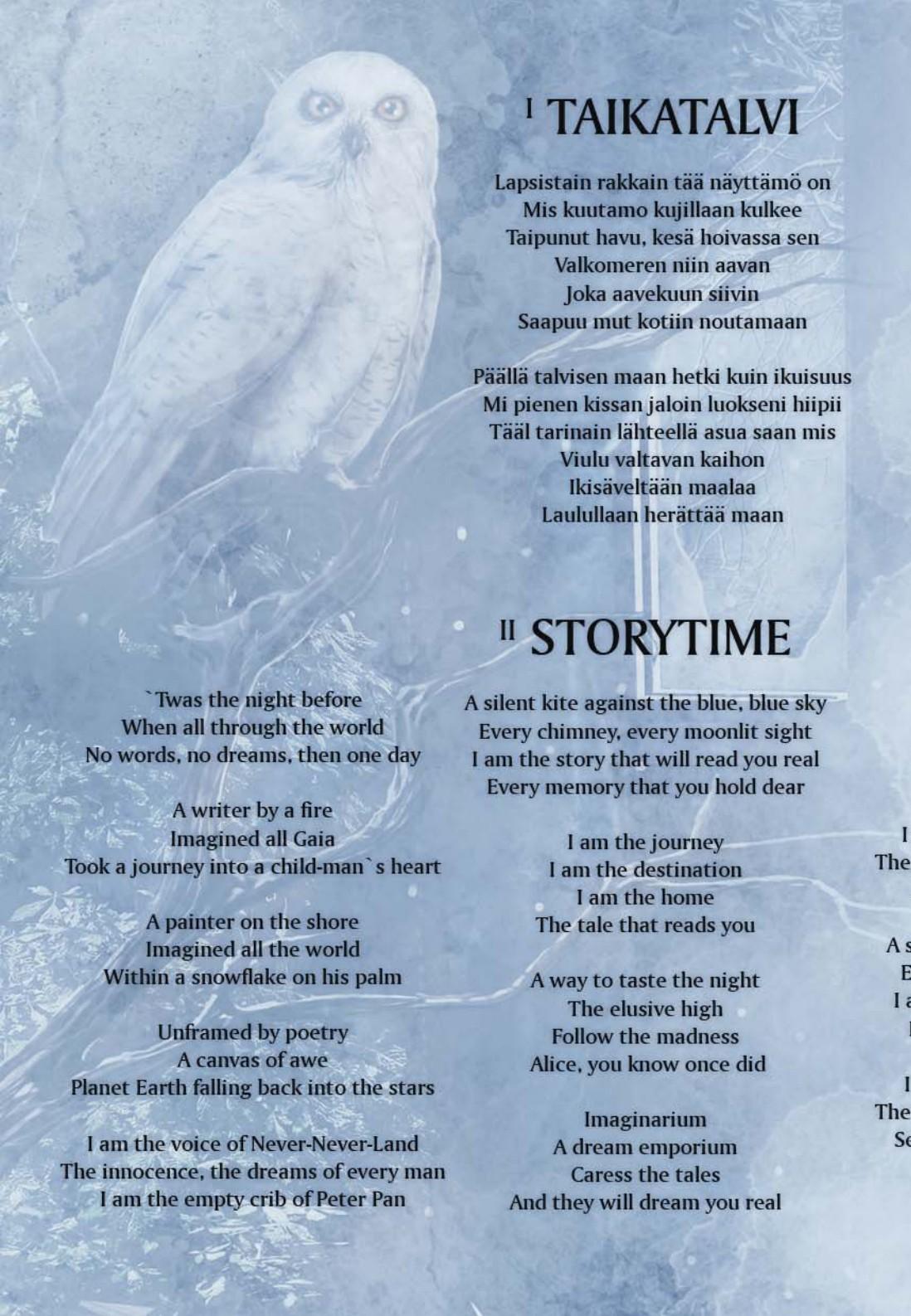


Nightwish

IMAGINAERUM







I TAIKATALVI

Lapsistain rakkain tää näyttämö on
Mis kuutamo kujillaan kulkee
Taipunut havu, kesä hoivassa sen
Valkomeren niin aavan
Joka aavekuun siivin
Saapuu mut kotiin noutamaan

Päällä talvisen maan hetki kuin ikuisus
Mi pienen kissan jaloin luokseni hiipii
Tääl tarinain lähteellä asua saan mis
Viulu valtavan kaihon
Ikisäveltään maalaa
Laulullaan herättää maan

II STORYTIME

‘Twas the night before
When all through the world
No words, no dreams, then one day

A writer by a fire
Imagined all Gaia
Took a journey into a child-man’s heart

A painter on the shore
Imagined all the world
Within a snowflake on his palm

Unframed by poetry
A canvas of awe
Planet Earth falling back into the stars

I am the voice of Never-Never-Land
The innocence, the dreams of every man
I am the empty crib of Peter Pan

A silent kite against the blue, blue sky
Every chimney, every moonlit sight
I am the story that will read you real
Every memory that you hold dear

I am the journey
I am the destination
I am the home
The tale that reads you

A way to taste the night
The elusive high
Follow the madness
Alice, you know once did

Imaginarium
A dream emporium
Caress the tales
And they will dream you real

A storyteller’s game
Lips that intoxicate
The core of all life is a
limitless chest of tales

I am the voice of Never-Never-Land
The innocence, the dreams of every man
I am the empty crib of Peter Pan

A silent kite against the blue, blue sky
Every chimney, every moonlit sight
I am the story that will read you real
Every memory that you hold dear

I am the voice of Never-Never-Land
The innocence, the dreams of every man
Searching heavens for another Earth



III GHOST RIVER

It's a long road down the river deep 'n wild
Every twist and turn a wonder-dale
It's a scary ride we'd give anything to take
Let yourself bleed
Leave a footprint on every island you see

Hey you, child of rape, the riverbed awaits
Snow white, pitch-black, your life such strife
Heavenward, deep down, I'll show you such sights
Believe it, we live as we dream / scream

"He will go down he will drown drown, deeper down
The river wild will take your only child
He will go down he will drown drown deeper down
The mills grind slow in a riverbed ghost town
He will go down he will drown drown, deeper down
If you want me, then do come across"

What is it you dream of, child of mine?
The magic ride, the mermaid cove?
Never met a kinder heart than yours
Let it bleed
Leave a footprint on every island you see

"I am the painted faces, the toxic kiss
Sowing of doubt, troll beneath the bridge
Come across
Death by a thousand cuts
Believe it, we live as we dream / scream"

"I am the desert-scape, the sand inside your hourglass
I am the fear and abuse, the leper children
Every eye sewn shut"

"We will go down we will drown drown, deeper down
The river wild will be our last ride
We will go down we will drown drown, deeper down
The mills grind slow in a riverbed ghost town"

Beautifully shy as you are
Never lose your heart
And do come across

IV SLOW, LOVE, SLOW

Come and share this painting with me
Unveiling of me, the magician that never failed

This deep sigh coiled around my chest
Intoxicated by a major chord
I wonder
Do I love you or the thought of you?

Slow, love, slow
Only the weak are not lonely

Southern blue, morning dew
Let-down-your-guards, I-love-you's
Ice-cream castles, lips-to-ear rhymes
A slumber deeper than time

Slow, love, slow
Only the weak are not lonely



V I WANT MY TEARS BACK

I want my tears back

The treetops, the chimneys, the snowbed stories, winter grey
Wildflowers, those meadows of heaven, wind in the wheat

A railroad across waters, the scent of grandfatherly love
Blue bayous, Decembers, moon through a dragonfly's wings

Where is the wonder where's the awe
Where's dear Alice knocking on the door
Where's the trapdoor that takes me there
Where the real is shattered by a Mad March Hare

Where is the wonder where's the awe
Where are the sleepless nights I used to live for
Before the years take me
I wish to see
The lost in me

I want my tears back
I want my tears back now

A ballet on a grove, still growing young all alone
A rag doll, a best friend, the voice of Mary Costa

VI SCARETALE

Once upon a time in a daycare
Dying to meet you, little child, enter enter this sideshow

Time for bed the cradle still rocks
13 chimes on a dead man's clock,
tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock

The bride will lure you, cook you, eat you
Your dear innocence boiled to feed the evil in need of fear

Burning farms and squealing pigs
A pool of snakes to swim with, oh sweet poison
bite me bite me

"*Ladies and gentlemen
Be heartlessly welcome!
To Cirque De Morgue
And what a show we have for you tonight!*"

Restless souls will put on their dancing shoes
Mindless ghouls with lot of limbs to lose
Illusionists, contortionist,
Tightrope - walkers tightening the noose

Horde of spiders, closet tentacles
Laughing harpies with their talons ripping,
sher-chrisss, per-vizzz

The pendulum still sways for you
Such are the darks here to show you, child in a corner,
fallen mirrors, all kingdom in cinders

VII ARABESQUE



VIII TURN LOOSE THE MERMAIDS

A kite above a graveyard grey
At the end of the line far far away
A child holding on to the magic of birth and awe

Oh, how beautiful it used to be
Just you and me far beyond the sea
The waters, scarce in motion
Quivering still

At the end of the river the sundown beams
All the relics of a life long lived
Here, weary traveller rest your wand
Sleep the journey from your eyes

Good journey, love, time to go
I checked your teeth and warmed your toes
In the horizon I see them coming for you

The mermaid grace, the forever call
Beauty in spyglass on an old man's porch
The mermaids you turned loose brought back your tears

IX REST CALM

I went to die in a seaside hotel
Lanes of memory paved by sweet frozen moments

Deathbed memories of home
Never let me go

Every little memory resting calm in me
Resting in a dream
Smiling back at me

The faces of the past keep calling me to come back home
To caress the river with awe
Within there's every little memory resting calm with me
Resting in a dream
Smiling back at me

The faces of the past keep calling me to come back home
Rest calm and remember me

You are the moon pulling my black waters
You are the land in my dark closet
Stay by my side until it all goes dark forever
When silent the silence comes closer



X THE CROW, THE OWL AND THE DOVE

A crow flew to me
Kept its distance
Such a proud creation
I saw its soul, envied its pride
But needed nothing it had

An owl came to me
Old and wise
Pierced right through my youth
I learned its ways, envied its sense
But needed nothing it had

Don't give me love
Don't give me faith
Wisdom nor pride
Give innocence instead

Don't give me love
I've had my share
Beauty nor rest
Give me truth instead

A dove came to me
Had no fear
It rested on my arm
I touched its calm, envied its love
But needed nothing it had

A swan of white she came to me
The lake mirrored her beauty sweet
I kissed her neck, adored her grace
But needed nothing she could give

Gar tuht river
Ger te rheged

XI LAST RIDE OF THE DAY

We live in every moment but this one
Why don't we recognize the faces loving us so

What's God if not the spark that started life
Smile of a stranger
Sweet music, starry skies
Wonder, mystery, wherever my road goes
Early wake-ups in a moving home
Scent of fresh-mown grass in the morning sun
Open theme park gates waiting for

Riding the day, every day into sunset
Finding the way back home

Once upon a night we'll wake to the carnival of life
The beauty of this ride ahead such an incredible high
It's hard to light a candle, easy to curse the dark instead
This moment the dawn of humanity
The last ride of the day

Wake up, Dead Boy
Enter adventureland
Tricksters, magicians will show you all that's real
Careless jugglers, snakecharmers by your trail
Magic of a moment
Abracadabra







"But only in their dreams can men be truly free,
`Twas always thus, and always thus will be"
- John Keating

XII SONG OF MYSELF

1. From A Dusty Bookshelf

2. All That Great Heart Lying Still

The nightingale is still locked in the cage
The deep breath I took still poisons my lungs
An old oak sheltering me from the blue
Sun bathing on its dead frozen leaves

A catnap in the ghost town of my heart
She dreams of storytime and the river ghosts
Of mermaids, of Whitman's and the Ride
Raving harlequins, gigantic toys

A song of me a song in need
Of a courageous symphony
A verse of me a verse in need
Of a pure-heart singing me to peace

All that great heart lying still and slowly dying
All that great heart lying still on an angelwing

All that great heart lying still
In silent suffering
Smiling like a clown until the show has come to an end

What is left for encore

Is the same old Dead Boy's song
Sung in silence

All that great heart lying still and slowly dying
All that great heart lying still on an angelwing

A midnight flight into Covington Woods
A princess and a panther by my side
These are Territories I live for
I'd still give my everything to love you more

3. Piano Black

A silent symphony
A hollow opus #1,2,3

Sometimes the sky is piano black
Piano black over cleansing waters

Resting pipes, verse of bore
Rusting keys without a door

Sometimes the within is piano black
Piano black over cleansing waters

All that great heart lying still and slowly dying
All that great heart lying still on an angelwing

4. Love

I see a slow, simple youngster by a busy street,
with a begging bowl in his shaking hand.
Trying to smile but hurting infinitely. Nobody notices.
I do, but walk by.

An old man gets naked and kisses a model-doll in his attic.
It's half-light and he's in tears.
When he finally comes his eyes are cascading.

I see a beaten dog in a pungent alley. He tries to bite me.
All pride has left his wild drooling eyes.
I wish I had my leg to spare.

A mother visits her son, smiles to him through the bars.
She's never loved him more.

An obese girl enters an elevator with me.
All dressed up fancy, a green butterfly on her neck.
Terribly sweet perfume deafens me.
She's going to dinner alone.
That makes her even more beautiful.

I see a model's face on a brick wall.
A statue of porcelain perfection beside a violent city kill.
A city that worships flesh.

The 1st thing I ever heard was a wandering
man telling his story
It was you, the grass under my bare feet
The campfire in the dead of the night
The heavenly black of sky and sea



It was us

Roaming the rainy roads, combing the gilded beaches
Waking up to a new gallery of wonders every morn
Bathing in places no-one's seen before
Shipwrecked on some matt-painted island
Clad in nothing but the surf - beauty's finest robe

Beyond all mortality we are, swinging in the breath of nature
In early air of the dawn of life
A sight to silence the heavens

I want to travel where life travels,
following its permanent lead
Where the air tastes like snow music
Where grass smells like fresh-born Eden
I would pass no man, no stranger, no tragedy or rapture
I would bathe in a world of sensation
Love, Goodness, and Simplicity
(While violated and imprisoned by technology)

The thought of my family's graves was the only moment
I used to experience true love
That love remains infinite,
as I'll never be the man my father is

How can you "just be yourself"
when you don't know who you are?
Stop saying "I know how you feel"
How could anyone know how another feels?

Who am I to judge a priest, beggar,
whore, politician, wrongdoer?
I am, you are, all of them already

Dear child, stop working, go play
Forget every rule
There's no fear in a dream

"Is there a village inside this snowflake?"
- a child asked me
"What's the color of our lullaby?"

I've never been so close to truth as then
I touched its silver lining

Death is the winner in any war

Nothing noble in dying for your religion
For your country
For ideology, for faith
For another man, yes

Paper is dead without words
Ink idle without a poem
All the world dead without stories
Without love and disarming beauty

Careless realism costs souls

Ever seen the Lord smile?
All the care for the world made Beautiful a sad man?
Why do we still carry a device of torture around our necks?
Oh, how rotten your pre-apocalypse is
All you bible-black fools living over nightmare ground

I see all those empty cradles and wonder
If man will ever change

I, too, wish to be a decent manboy but all I am
Is smoke and mirrors
Still given everything, may I be deserving

And there forever remains that change from G to Em

XIII IMAGINAERUM











THE IMAGINEERS:

Anette Olzon: Vocals
Marco Hietala: Bass & Vocals
Emppu Vuorinen: Guitars
Jukka Nevalainen: Drums & Percussion
Tuomas Holopainen: Keys & Piano

All music by Tuomas Holopainen

except "The Crow, The Owl And The Dove" by Marco Hietala

All lyrics by Tuomas Holopainen

Arrangements by Holopainen / Hietala / Vuorinen / Nevalainen

The "Imaginaerum" - medley was created by Pip Williams,
adapted from the music of Tuomas Holopainen

IMAGINAERUM was:

Produced by Tuomas Holopainen

Recorded at: Pajarini Hauta (*drums*)
Legendary Bay Of Tube Studios (*guitars*)
Marco's CockPit (*bass*)
Röskö (*vocals, guitars, acoustic bass*)
Petrax Studios
(*vocals, keys, piano, percussions, celtic scenarios & Pekka's violin*)
Finnvox Studios
(*vocals, keys*)
Angel Studios
(*orchestras, choirs, percussions, hardanger fiddle & sorna*)

between October 2010 - April 2011
by Mikko Karmila & Tero "TeeCee" Kinnunen

Guitars and bass recorded by
Emppu Vuorinen & Marco Hietala

Mixed by Mikko Karmila at Finnvox Studios, April - June 2011

Mastered by Mika Jussila at Finnvox Studios, August 2011

Artwork and layout by Janne & Gina Pitkänen
(www.inferiart.com)

Band photography by Ville Akseli Juurikkala
(www.villeakseli.com)

FELLOW IMAGINEERS:

Troy Donockley: *Uilleann pipes, low whistle, bodhran, bouzouki & Cumbrian chanting*
Dermot Crehan: *Hardanger fiddle*
Dirk Campbell: *Sorna*
Guy Barker: *Solo trumpet*
Paul Clarvis & Stephen Henderson: *Ethnic percussion*
Pekka Kuusisto: *Solo violin*
Kai Hahto: *Additional percussion*
Jussi Tegelman: *Soundscapes & music box*

The stanzas in "Love" recited by
the loved ones & the fellowship

THE METRO VOICES:

Abbie Osmon, Alexandra Gibson, Alice Fearn,
Ann de Renais, Catherine Bott, Claire Henry,
Elizabeth Wiesberg, Emma Brain Gabbot, Grace Davidson,
Jacqueline Barron, Jenny O'Grady, Joanna Forbes,
Lindsay Ashworth, Mary Carewe, Morag MacKay,
Nicki Kennedy, Rosemary Forbes Butler, Soophia Foroughi,
Vanessa Heine, Yona Dunsford, Andrew Busher,
Ben Fleetwood Smyth, David Porter Thomas,
Gerard O'Beirne, Lawrence Wallington, Michael Dore,
Neil Bellingham, Paul Greir, Peter Snipp,
Thomas Spencer Wortley, Tom Bullard, Tom Pearce

Choir mistress: Jenny O' Grady

THE YOUNG MUSICIANS LONDON:

Amber Moore, Anna Gunstone, Anais Engelmann,
Ashby Mayes, Athena Koutsovasilis, Celine Marcantonis,
David Valsamidis, Dilys McCaffrey, Eleanor Grant,
Elias Christou-Hill, Eoghan McCarthy, Jacob Ramsey,
Katalin Dang, Mairi Dew, Nicholas Marcantosis,
Nicholas Sabisky, Rosie Alderton, Sam Barnett,
Shifra Osorio Whewell, Vinay Ostrolenk

*Choirmaster: Lynda Richardson
Choral Co-ordinator: Jenny O'Grady*

THE LOOKING GLASS ORCHESTRA

Orchestra Leader: Thomas Bowes

Violins:

Leader of 2nd Violins: Emyln Singleton
Patrick-Kieñan, Everton Nelson, Perry Montague-Mason,
Boguslaw Kostecki, Maciej Rakowski, Dermot Crehan,
Steve Morris, Julian Leaper, Rita Manning, Tom Pigott-Smith,
Chris Tombling, Dave Woodcock, Mark Berrow, Jonathan Rees,
Sonia Slany, Dai Emanuel, Oli Langford.

Violas:

Principal Viola: Peter Lale
Bruce White, Rachel Stephanie Bolt, Bill Hawkes,
Kate Musker, Garfield Jackson.

Celli:

Principal Cello: Anthony Pleeth
Josephine Knight, Martin Loveday, Dave Daniels,
Tony Lewis, Frank Schaefer

Basses:

Principal Bass: Chris Laurence
Leon Bosch, Paddy Lannigan, Steve Mair

Flutes:

Andy Findon, Anna Noakes, Eliza Marshall

Oboe/Cor Anglais: David Theodore

Clarinet: Nicholas Bucknall

Clarinet/Bass Clarinet: David Fuest

Bassoon: Julie Andrews

French Horns:

Richard Watkins, Nigel Black, David Pyatt, Michael Thompson

Trumpets:

Derek Watkins, John Barclay, Andy Crowley, Kate Moore

Tenor Trombones: Richard Edwards, Andy Wood

Bass Trombone: Dave Stewart

Tuba: Owen Slade

Harp: Skaila Kang

Percussion: Stephen Henderson, Frank Ricotti, Gary Kettel

Orchestra and choirs arranged,
orchestrated and directed by *Pip Williams*

Conducted by *James Shearman*

Recorded at Angel Studios, London in February 2011

Engineered by *Steve Price*, assisted by *Mat Bartram*

With thanks to *Dee Trainor* and the Angel team.

ORCHESTRAL CONTRACTOR:

Isobel Griffiths

Co-ordinated by *Lucy Whalley*

Music preparation by *Richard Ihnatowicz*

Pip Williams teaches music technology at
The London College of Music.

Special thanks to *Sara Raybould* and *Rosy Crehan*.

"I would like to dedicate my work on *Imaginaerum*
to my children Samantha and Joe.
Everything I do is for you!"
- Pip -

Infinite love and appreciation to our loved ones,
families, friends, all the dead poets, the fans &
everyone who has dared to pass through the gates of
Imaginaerum with us. Our gratitude is eternal.

w w w . n i g h t w i s h . c o m

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INSTRUMENTAL

-
- I. TAIKATALVI
 - II. STORYTIME
 - III. GHOST RIVER
 - IV. SLOW, LOVE, SLOW
 - V. I WANT MY TEARS BACK
 - VI. SCARETALE
 - VII. ARABESQUE
 - VIII. TURN LOOSE THE MERMAIDS
 - IX. REST CALM
 - X. THE CROW, THE OWL AND THE DOVE
 - XI. LAST RIDE OF THE DAY
 - XII. SONG OF MYSELF
 - 1: FROM A DUSTY BOOKSHELF
 - 2: ALL THAT GREAT HEART LYING STILL
 - 3: PIANO BLACK
 - 4: LOVE
 - XIII. IMAGINAERUM

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